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Dan Tucker

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DAN TUCKER.

DAN Tucker lived in a nice little hut,
De hair ob him head was as black as soot:
He went to bed; but 'twas ob no use,
For him legs stuck out for de chickens to roost.

Get out ob de way, old Dan Tucker,
You're too late to hab your supper.

Old Dan Tucker him get drunk,
He fell in de fire and kick up a shunk,
De charcoal get inside him shoe,
Lord ha' mercy, honey, how de ashes flew!

Dan Tucker had a bit ob gristle,
Him put it on de fire and it kick up a fizzle:
De fat it fell upon his toes;
Oh dear honey, how he turn up him nose!

Dan Tucker was a hateful sinner,
He neber say him grace at him dinner:
De little pig shout, de old pig squall,
He open him mout and swallow dem all.

Dan Tucker was a nice old man;
He used to ride old Dobbin Bran:
He sent him whizzing down de hill
If he's not got up he is dere still.

A niggere cum from Chippewa—
De biggs fool dat eber I saw:
He put him shirt on ober him coat,
And button him trousers 'round him throat.



Ladies' Whiskers.

and Co., Printers, 2 & 3, Monmouth Court, Seven
Dials, where upwards of 5000 different sorts of ballads are
continually on sale, together with 40 new penny, and 60 new
halfpenny songbooks.

FIRST listen to what I do say, and don't put yourself in a passion,
I took notice, the other day, of the things that have come into
fashion:

The oldest as well as the young, I tell you, to make a beginning,
Wear a bonnet just fit for a doll, on purpose to make them look winning
And flowers, for whiskers, in bloom.

Some scarcely know which way to walk, to appear in a lady-like
manner,

While some, you may tell by their talk, are rather in want of a tanner.
With hardly a tooth in their head you can tell if you see them grinning,
Cut a shine with a boa and veil, and perhaps very scanty of linen;
And still they have whiskers in bloom.

As I went down — Street t'other day, at a door a young damsel
was knocking;

Pray, maiden, excuse me, said I, you've got a great hole in your
stocking;

She turned with a look of disdain, and seemed to be quite in a passion,
But I could not blame her at all, for I know, than be out of the fashion
She'd better be out of the world.

How often you see, walking out, by the side of a greyheaded mamma
Sal, with her whiskers in bloom; it matters not, winter or summer;
And painted bang up to the eyes, with handkerchief, scent, and per-
fume;

When it's off she resembles a turnip in the midst of a nosegay in June.
But fashion is now all the go.

Miss Nix, now, if you understand, they say she's a dress-maker,
If she doesn't come out fine and slap, the young men will forsake her;
For fashion now is all the go, and one who is able and willing,
If they cannot get paid for a dress they will undress and look for a
shilling.

For money is tempting, you know!

There are some of all sorts, you must know—'tis a curious world al-
together,

Some live by making dress, and others by dressing leather.

I hope it will none offend, aware that a broad hint was given:

Give me one that is handy and clean, not too lazy to work for he
living.

They'll find it the best in the end.

You know Bet, Eliza, and Jane, three sweet little dears to be sisters,
They would pawn even all that they have to purchase a fine pair of
whiskers.

It's a curious plan, after all, according to my way of thinking,
To have one thing outside for a show, while the others are ragged
and stinking.

But pride is a comical thing.

This world is a comical place, it is useless the truth to smother,
Some live by night, some by day, and some by this, that, and t'other
Some live by working hard, and some by the fruits of heir trade,
Let my motto always shall be, Let all for their about be paid

Whatever their station may be.